The COMMONWEAL

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THE WEEK 315
BADAJOS *Paul West* 318
FRANCE'S STRIKE AND LABOR'S SPLIT *Paul Vignaux* 319
TEACHING *VERSUS* EATING *Howard Snyder* 321
THE SEEDING-GROUND (Verse) *Jessica Powers* 322
THE STAGE *Kappo Phelan* 323
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 324
THE COUNTRY DREAM *Walter van Horn* 324
TREASON *Anne Fremantle* 326
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 329

Angels in the Dust—The Battle of the Atlantic The Person and the Common Good—Velasquez —Lions and Shadows—The Indians of the Americas—Behold This Heart—Art in the Early Church—The American Iliad—Collected Papers: R. A. L. Smith

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A Turning Point in History

FROM over here it is difficult to understand completely why the Pope's current Christmas message had such an ominous tone, especially why the world situation should appear so much more desperate to the Vatican than it did a year ago. It is difficult to believe that Communist demonstrations in Rome, strikes in France and Italy and even the foreseen stalemate at London are sufficient to explain the Holy Father's conviction that Europe and the world generally are today "farther from real peace, farther from complete and definite safety, farther from a new order based firmly on agreement and justice than they ever were before."

The elements which Pius XII underlines as symptoms of the pass to which we have come are unquestionably things to give man pause. Insincerity, deceitfulness and dishonesty perhaps the most disquieting factor of all, especially when that is the core of the "modern technique of forming public opinion, of controlling it and making it serve" the ulterior ends of those who, once they are in control, soon deprive those whom they have deluded of all civic and religious liberty. The Holy Father finds it deplorable that the hard-pressed masses should serve as unconscious instruments in power politics, the focus of repeated agitation to unrest and revolt.

"The curse of our time" is that resort to such deceit and exploitation has led to the division of the world into two powerful blocs, each inspired with the deepest mistrust for the other. This mistrust has come to be only an elementary precaution. But beyond the perils inherent in the growing enmity of two such powerful blocs, acceptance of dishonesty as a legitimate instrument threatens even greater dangers, the "dangers which this prevalence of falsehood presents for the Church and Christian civilization, for the entire religious and even merely human heritage which has supplied the peoples of the world with the substance of their spiritual life and of their real greatness for the past 2,000 years."

The Church is not to be identified with either bloc, with any one group of people or nations. Her position "is foreign to any sort of temporal consideration. To be with Christ or against Christ: that is the whole question."

On the other hand, there can be no mistaking whom Pope Pius charges with inciting and deceiving the masses or with engaging in reprisals and forced labor or impeding the peace of Europe, which is the prelude to worldwide peace. He says in so many words: "Are they afraid, perhaps, that if Europe were to recover, regain her strength and become conscious once more of her Christian mission, she would wish to rid herself of the deadly germ of atheism and revolution and live a life of her own, free from unhealthy foreign influence?"

What constitute the elements of hope? There is always God's Providence and the constant intercourse of prayer. Christmas itself is the most poignant reminder of the world's redemption. The King of Peace is at the side of those who sincerely do battle for His cause. Pope Pius XII also points out that the numbers and strength of Christians are increasing, that other men of goodwill are joining them and that at this turning point many good men have felt impelled to lead better lives, some even to a heroic degree. He therefore calls for a world-wide spirit of brotherhood, a uniting of all honest men in pursuit of justice and concord and a return to straightforward honesty all round. For "Europe and the wide world have reached a turning point in their destiny" where the possibilities for good or evil are "immeasurable."

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"Free Greece"

RUSSIA'S Christmas present to the Greek people was a "Provisional Government of Free Greece" complete with a Premier who is, of course, Minister of War, and a cabinet of seven—all communists. General Vifiades (Markos) is the "liberator." He is also the head of guerrilla forces based on Albania and Yugoslavia which are fighting the Greek Government, the one that is in Athens, the one that is known to the UN, the one that General Markos (Vifiades) calls the tool and captive of American imperialism. Where his own capital is he does not tell.

So far only a French communist newspaper has recognized "Free Greece." That does not do any harm. But should Yugoslavia or Albania or should Russia recognize this inexistent state, the danger will be very great—in two places. It will be great in Greece, because recognition will mean armaments and men for the guerrilla forces and these forces will be engaged against the Greek forces which are already being helped by American and British armament and military advice. The situation will be like that of the Spanish war—with this great difference: there will be no doctrine of "non-intervention"; the Truman Doctrine already has committed us to the opposite.

And the danger will be great in the United Nations because no state that recognizes the "Free Greek State" can remain within that organization. If Russia wishes to break with the UN all they have to do is to go ahead with this, the latest in their series of puppet governments. For this time they have set one up where we have taken a stand. Things won't happen the way they did with Tito. We are committed.

The Russians are using a formula which often has served them well. It may be that they are using it only for its propaganda advantage. Free Greece sounds well in speeches. It may be that they will content themselves with clandestine aid to General Markos (Vifiades) waiting to see whether his movement can obtain any large support among his most unfortunate compatriots. Because any "free provisional government" of the Russian type is ineffective unless it has a minimum of support outside that from Russia; or unless the Russian army is present. It is not present in Greece. If it goes to Greece it will be going to war.

Save the Lobbies

ONE of the haler traditions, or slogans, ever alive in American politics is the attack on "the lobbyists." This means that there is a correspondingly long and strong tradition of having lobbies. News out of Washington is that in 1948 the Executive, the Legislature and the Judiciary are all three going to enter this conflict with particular enthusiasm. It is evident that the Lobbying Act of 1946 got us practically nowhere in regulating the issue into a passive state.

A special report in the *Times* recalls some of the lobby highlights of the recent year: President Truman's lambasting of the "real estate lobby" in connection with the weakening of rent control, the Hughes Inquiry talk about air, and especially Pan American air lobbies, etc., etc. The Department of Justice is preparing civil and criminal suits against lobbying persons and organizations. "An inquiry of ever widening scope has been going on for at least two months. It has entered the fields of railroads, the oil industry, labor organizations, the aviation industry and real estate. . . . About a dozen industries were said to be involved. . . ."

The trouble with nearly all the popular efforts to clear up some of the cruder corruption connected with lobbying, or negatively to check and observe it, as in the 1946 "registration" law, is that the lobbies have their good and even necessary functions which are not recognized. They are very fundamental institutions and can't be dealt with as a side and off-hand issue. They serve to fill a vacuum in our constitutional system.

The federal, representative system is based upon geography and statistics. A Representative is supposed to represent a district, with its numbered, free, equal and fraternal population, and with its various, miscellaneous, and haphazard industries, professions, vocations, classes, interests. Senators have come to represent, in much the same way, simply bigger districts. It is very mechanical and rough, and presumptive of a nonexistent uniformity in districts and among districts. Such a system leaves open the field of social and political forces which are not organized on a local geographic basis. Lobbies represent a number of the more eager and tenacious of those forces, most conspicuously private profit business organizations, but also many other, and a growing number of other social groupings as well.

As the country has developed, and as countries have developed around the world, it appears quite wrong to take a blunt, negative view toward industrial or "vocational" representation and toward the integration into a regular constitutional set up of the non-geographic forces of the nation. The papal encyclicals have advised repeatedly the building up of responsible vocational groups. Closely related are the proposals of the CIO for industrial councils, giving a more responsible and adequately representative voice to persons united by industrial occupation: labor, management and capital together.

A CIP report from Belgium describes an effort in that country to provide a new economic organization which offers a progressive experiment for the rest of the advanced industrial democratic countries. The legal framework is the work of a Socialist-Catholic coalition government. The design is to establish "the free representation of

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all the economic and social interests of the country." There will be a Central Economic Council on the national level, with members nominated by the executive, delegates of the vocational organizations, and technicians. Economic Councils will be established in each sector of economic activity —industrial, commercial, agricultural and small business, composed of representatives of workers and employers' associations. Finally, Industrial Councils, set up in each plant or shop, are supposed to "associate the workers with the economic life of their enterprise."

An attempt to build on the lobby tradition, and draw into lobbies less narrow and selfish viewpoints, and then make them known and responsible before the people is a line of attack more hopeful than trying only to shackle or cut off these institutions, which very vigorously continue to carry on at the same old stand, so long as the room is left vacant.

Food and Family Budget

THE BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS has presented labor and management with a Pyrrhic present, a variation of its "consumer's price index for moderate income families in large cities." This new survey of prices gives, in money terms, the city worker's family budget for a mythical average family of four: husband, wife, son of thirteen and daughter of eight.

The Bureau states that this "is not a minimum budget, nor is it an ideal budget: it is based on the kind of goods and services workers' families in the US actually select." The Commissioner of the Bureau of Statistics, Mr. Ewan Clague, points out that no average budget had been prepared for the whole country. "Each budget applies only to the specific city covered; it cannot be translated to cover other cities which might be on the same level in the consumer's price index." That is because the kind of things people spend their money on varies geographically. Individualism, which trademarks even our lives so that no two persons can ever be identical, extends also to our agglomerations. But an arithmetical average of the thirty-four cities covered by Mr. Clague's survey does show an increase in expenditures of 20.7 per cent in December, 1947, over March, 1946. Washington, the most expensive city, rose from $2,573 to $3,558, and New Orleans, the cheapest, from $2,573, to $3,104.

Now the average weekly wage over all the USA is just over $50; that "for production workers in manufacturing plants" is $50.45—which comes to $2,623. It is pointed out that this does not *necessarily* mean that the average person is not making ends meet. Mr. Clague shows that basic wage is not everywhere the basic income for a 4-person family. He cites Indianapolis, where 88 percent of the four-person families had higher incomes than the $3,198 which is the Bureau of Labor Statistic's cost of living figure for that city. Another point brought out by Mr. Clague is that the nation-wide average is not one worker per family, but one and a half: there are 58 million workers to 38 million families in the USA. It is the smaller family units that are hardest hit: it costs a 2-person family to live 65 percent of what it costs a four-person family.

Mr. Clague's budget is interesting, but a trifle arbitrary to say the least. His four-person family buys six loaves of bread and twelve quarts of milk and twenty eggs and nine pounds of meat (say it not in London, whisper it not in Paris; breathe it not in Prague), but a new overcoat for father once in seven years, for mother once in four; it owns no car, uses no telephone, gets no hospital care, and carries no insurance. To suppose a caloric intake of well over 3,000 to be allied always with such improvidence is surely pessimistic. It is true, Mr. Clague leaves a margin of between $60 and $80 for Christmas, charities and church (but the recent daily appeals for the neediest, which also generally gave breakdowns of expenditure, proved—if nothing else—how the average margin evaporates into doctors' bills at the first illness). And the cost of living more than doubled since January, 1941.

Almost simultaneously, as a grim Christmas box, or a last minute appeal to the repentant Scrooges of the world, the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) published the report of its Director General, Sir John Boyd Orr. He warns that world food production must be more than doubled within the next twenty-five years to prevent a food shortage of world magnitude. Food supplies, he said, must be stretched to the utmost. And he urges that everywhere programs be initiated so that food rationing may be ended and the levels of nutrition raised as early as possible.

This, for all its dark looks, is yet an encouraging statement. For it assumes that something can still be done: there is so little time, but there is still time. And it means, one may hope, that the bad old days of trains using surplus coffee as fuel, of wheat ploughed in to keep up the price; of gluts of Argentine beef or Danish bacon, are forever gone. Here in the US, the surplus farm workers, displaced by machinery, are pouring into the cities, but the "depopulated farm areas have moved up on the income scale. Farm receipts have outstripped city dwellers' incomes."

Psychologically, this is heartening. For it is far more satisfactory to be bid to increase and to multiply than to decrease, go slow, play safe. Give man a goal, if it be the moon, and he can make it; tell him to smoke less, breed less, hate less, and, to say the least, the response is unenthusiastic. Even as a slogan, freedom from want means less than chicken every Sunday.

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Badajos

Paul West

I WAS AN unwilling guest of the Spanish border town, Badajos, for three days while the Portuguese consul and the international police in Lisbon compared notes on my character and purposes to decide if they would allow me to go to Lisbon.

It is only three or four miles from the Portuguese border, a walled city with three forts. The first evening I walked for hours through the streets of the city. Within the walls people are jammed together like bees in a hive. It sounds like a beehive too, because the voices of the children, the rumbling of horse-drawn carts, the cries of the vendors of lottery tickets, the conversation of crowds walking ceaselessly through the streets, bounce and rebound from the buildings which separate ten or fifteen feet to form the winding streets. Bees, however, can fly over the walls to the sunny fields. The people inside the city never seem to do that.

You can understand how a walled city would become crowded. Especially an old walled city. And Badajos is old. When the Romans were here, they called it *Pax Augusta.* When the Moors came they miscalled it *Bax Augas.* That got changed to Bathaljus, and now it is just Badajos, with the accent hard on the last syllable.

Its name doesn't mean much, because it has rarely been at peace. The Moors conquered it in 1030. In 1235 they were finally driven out by Alphonse IX of Castile. In 1660 it was besieged and taken by the Portuguese. In 1705 the Portuguese were driven out. In 1811 the French had a try at it and in 1812 the English lost 3,000 dead and 7,000 wounded getting over the walls. Since then it has been Spanish.

The Cathedral built in the 13th century still stands, though, and still is used, now probably more than ever before.

You see, with all those wars, and many minor skirmishes history doesn't bother to record, anyone who lived outside the walls didn't live very long. The result is overcrowding—a city with no parks or open places (I think the square before the Cathedral and the market place are the only two). It is an overcrowding as bad as Harlem, but, unlike Harlem, all they need do is walk a block or so and gaze out on the smiling fields of Spain lying in the sunshine.

So the place became, by force of history, a hive; and poverty walks up and down the street with her people. It is the same poverty you have in Harlem or San Antonio, though perhaps not so awful here, though the flies seem to be more practiced in persistence. I have just finished my beer, sitting at this sidewalk Cafe Mundial in the Cathedral Square, beside the church which has Jose Antonio's name inscribed upon it, at 11 A.M., and the people going by in their incessant and not unhappy chatter. Now the flies may have what remains in the glass.

★

I remember the walk last night: the tortuous streets, the hundreds of kids, many of the older ones with clothes, most of them tired and dirty after the day's play, some singing, some crying and all of them poor; and the flies in the little shops on the meat, and the vendors of small edibles, and the old women and blind men selling chances on the lottery; but every one friendly and courteous to a fool American in a correspondent's uniform.

I thought then that the sight of those people (called "humanity" by people who write books about them) could inspire a powerful person, a state, with either of two feelings. One goes like this, and it should come from one who regards life unworth living without lots of food, clothes, and love: the hell with them, the miserable, stupid fools living in that squalor. Let's change it all quickly. What if half of them are killed—so much the better; more than half of the people who are rich will be killed. Let's flush the gutters.

I can understand that Russian feeling at the same time I think it wrong, and know that, when tried, it has succeeded only in changing the name of one class. The poor remain much as they were, though lessened in numbers; the rich go down the gutter and their places are taken by persons who have State positions. I know how it goes, but I think I also know how it begins with people who worship food, clothes, and love when they do not have food, clothes, or love, and haven't anything else to worship. And the rich are to blame, and the Church, too, because they haven't destroyed poverty. The Church always says you destroy poverty by becoming poor yourself, not by destroying the rich. But you see, that hasn't succeeded. But the other hasn't either. Before the poor were scourged with whips; now they are scourged with scorpions. If the poor are always to be with us rich, please let them be

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scourged only with whips. That is what I think, but they do not think that. They think they will bring heaven to earth by raising hell. So far, it hasn't worked.

The other feeling is the opposite one. It has been tried over and over by various heroes, most of them unknown. It always amazes the poor to have someone who need not be poor become one with them. They have so little to offer, you know: no comfort, no intelligence, no pleasure; and very little love, because they exhaust what they have on their desperate pleasures in bed and the children. But one who does go down, does so in a wonderful attitude, even negatively: no hatred for the rich, and none even for the poor, which is more wonderful.

This feeling I know, because I live in the tradition. The other I am only slowly beginning to understand. It seems to be all hatred: hatred for the rich because they are rich when others are poor; and hatred directly for the poor, because they are poor and stupid and miserable, and, also, and, perhaps, most of all, because they can inspire in the beholder only hatred. It is hatred, not of poverty, but of the poor. And, since the poor inspire the hatred, it becomes their fault; and (so it goes) it serves them right to be liquidated into the gutters.

Last evening I was at the same cafe talking to two artists who are also waiting for a visa to Portugal. They are supposed to be married. One is a Swiss from the German part of his country, the other a U.S. citizen. The Swiss is fairly intelligent; at least he seems so. The woman is an artist who never heard of the Cathedral of Chartres, and knows nothing about Giotto or Fra Angelico, although she claims to be a primitive painter, handicapped by knowledge and some training. (It seems you find a primitive painter by putting painting implements into the hands of a child, or a grown person who knows little about painting—its technique, purpose or history. The less he knows, the better, because he is then quite primitive and perhaps he will paint something wonderful. I remarked that the perfect primitive painter, on that theory, would be an ape with a brush; but she thought an ape would hardly be up to it.)

We were sitting there at a sidewalk table, giving an occasional beggar child a peseta, when a priest walked by dressed in soutane and that odd hat. His soutane was clean, he was neat (as all of them I have observed are) and intelligent looking. The primitive woman remarked, "Well, he looks well fed." One hears that frequently enough. I think she meant by it that he should not be well fed, with the poor on every hand, that he should be dirty, thin, diseased, and that, if he were, he would be acceptable to her. But, of course, he would not be acceptable if he were like that. He would only be criticized for being like that. Perhaps he should starve himself, give everything to the poor. Some do, you know—the heroes. Would that make him acceptable to her? I rather think she would then remark, "The fool!" The priest, you see, is helpless before such a person. Actually, the only way he can please her is to become a primitive painter.

I did not attempt an argument or even try to explain. I only said in a low voice, "So do I." She said, "Perhaps you are." I said, "I am."

I hadn't made the first remark. I hoped she would know I meant to say that she looked well fed, too. It didn't, obviously, get across. Then I thought of telling her how priests were murdered in the civil war, and how many, by persons who hated poverty and the poor; and how the Church in Spain in this generation is respected because so many accepted martyrdom at the hands of primitive people. I thought of telling her that while the Church has not solved the problems of poverty, neither has the State, and neither has communism; and that, at least, the Church loves the poor, and that the Church is often hated in part because she loves the poor, and other things like that. But I did not. I ordered another cognac.

France's Strike and Labor's Split

PAUL VIGNAUX

WHEN, on Tuesday night, December 9, the Central Strike Committee formed by the twenty communist-led National Unions gave the order back to work, the Strike Committee thereby conceded the communist defeat on the labor front. It submitted to the victory of parliamentary government and, even more, to the victory of the "minority" trade unions.

The Government's victory was the victory of a parliamentary government, regularly formed under the 1946 Constitution, drawing its principal strength from the "Third Force," that is to say, from Socialists, MRP Democrats, and those other groups which were determined to defend the institutions of democracy against dictatorship, whether of the Left or of the Right. It was this Constitution, this Third Force, that General de Gaulle sought to dispose of with his "iron disdain." And this victory of parliamentarianism is the more remarkable because at the decisive hour the Government of the Republic did not have Léon Blum's leadership to help it—he had been put aside because the Right sought to emphasize a movement toward de Gaulle, and to take advantage of anti-communism in order to get its "revenge." As always, this revenge was against labor and the Republic.

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Although, as Léon Blum remarked, the socialists had been able to do no more than "limit" the Gaullist penetration into the new cabinet, the Schuman government was far more successful than could have been expected in the formidable test to which it was put. It was able to meet the test thanks to its parliamentary character, to its close association with the National Assembly in which the pressure of socialist and MRP deputies (among the latter a very courageous priest, Father Pierre) made it possible to amend an improvised bill and thereby prevent the Government's fight against the strikes, which had been inspired by the Communist Party, from becoming the occasion for legislation restrictive of the right to strike. The Schuman government now faces the most difficult part of its task: the need to take without delay those measures, political and economical, which are needed in order to satisfy the great mass of workers whose attitude decided the governmental victory.

★

Even where it seemed strongest, the communist machine proved incapable of controlling the workers wherever they were able to vote secretly for or against the strike. In the Paris district the steelworkers were divided: in the factories where the strike was voted it was only against strong minorities; the vote was fairly close, often the vote went against the strike. In the provinces, the naval steel works at Saint Chamond voted 2133 against the strike, 774 in favor; the naval shipyards at Penhoët went 4035 against the strike, 778 in favor. In the rubber industry, the Michelin factory at Clermont-Ferrand voted 5634 against, 3360 in favor. In the electrical power plants of the Paris region (production and distribution of electricity seemed former Communist Minister Marcel Paul's special trade union domain) the vote was 5356 against the strike, 2053 for the strike. . . .

This position taken by the workers was partly an entirely spontaneous reaction; on the other hand it was the result of action more or less organized taken by trade union minorities.

All the strength of the political and trade union machine, methodically built up by the Communist Party, could not stifle the feeling of the great masses of workers that, under pretext of economic claims, they were being maneuvered to suit the demands of an international higher strategy. Against the Cominform there was a reaction which stemmed both from a feeling for trade union independence and national independence. There was the refusal to subordinate so serious a matter as striking the nation to the private interests of a political party; the refusal to allow the French labor movement to be englobed in the bloc of the USSR and its satellites. This did not signify—we must say so clearly—any enthusiasm for entering a "Western" bloc, but rather a positive, pragmatic view of France's situation. For, clearly, it is not in the interest of French workers to sabotage the Marshall Plan. This extremely reasonable, and therefore very strong, attitude was formulated by the *"Force Ouvrière"* group of which I shall speak later. Every genuinely liberal American will understand that democratic reactions against European communism must be national reactions and not pro-American reactions. In France, the democratic reaction which has taken place in these recent weeks has been related to a feeling that the present action of the Communist Party against the democratic parties was bringing aid and comfort to the authoritarian tendencies of the Right. The *Force Ouvrière* group, and the progressive wing of the Christian trade unions, successfully insisted on the danger of multiplying, or generalizing, strikes at a moment when the institutions of democracy were threatened by a man aspiring to personal power. Even when they were under the strongest communist pressure, many labor leaders felt that the greatest interior peril in Western Europe was the use that a neo-fascism, such as the de Gaulle movement, could and would make of the general reaction against the Communist Party.

Three organized groups helped labor free itself from communist domination: the Christian trade unions, the dissidents within the CGT grouped in autonomous unions, and *Force Ouvrière*. Unlike the Italians, the Catholic trade unionists in liberated France refused, in 1944, to merge their unions with a central union; they maintained their own organizations and, in the recent crisis, these organizations formed resistance centers everywhere to oppose the strike movement ordered by the communists. These centers existed practically everywhere, in many industries in which the other non-communist trade union forces were only slightly organized or not organized at all, for instance among the metal workers and in the production and distribution of electricity, or in the building trades. We must recognize, however—to be completely objective—that if the action of the Christian trade unionists was often decisive in the shops, and was important in such and such an industry, there was no corresponding and comparable action taken by them to solve more general and broader problems. This is a weakness which can be explained by the indifference felt by the older Catholic trade unionist leaders toward the labor movement considered as a whole—an indifference happily not shared by the young leadership of the Christian industrial unions.

For more than a year, trade unionists, convinced of the impossibility of effectively fighting the communists from within the CGT, had formed

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—under the name of *Comité d'Action Syndicaliste,* and later that of *Fédérations Syndicalistes*—autonomous organizations, and these, in recent weeks, played an important rôle both in the Postal, Telegraph and Telephone services, and in the railroads. These autonomous groups, which are said to be encouraged by the American AFL, now tend to increase in numbers. Their rivalry with *Force Ouvrière* undoubtedly presents a certain obstacle to the regrouping of democratic forces.

Born of *Résistance Ouvrière,* which started the fight against the nazis and the Vichy régime immediately after the armistice of 1940, *Force Ouvrière* (which took its name from the title of its weekly magazine) organized round Léon Jouhaux and the minority of the *Bureau Confédéral,* the non-communist elements of the CGT. This organization was in process of formation when the recent social crisis broke out. Within a few weeks it developed its strength very rapidly. *Force Ouvrière* has recently taken positions which have often been in opposition to those of the Central Strike Committee controlled by the majority of the CGT's top leadership. And *Force Ouvrière's* statements have provided a rallying ground for the mass of workmen who are sincerely devoted to a militant trade unionism but as sincerely tired of being ordered about by the Communist Party. In his dealings with the government, Léon Jouhaux has shown rare qualities of labor statesmanship. His friends have found him fighting again, calm in the face of adversity, dominating the situation as he did in the tragic days of 1940 and 1941. Within the space of a few weeks Jouhaux and his group have come back from a minority position, which seemed hopeless and ineffective, to take over a position of leadership. Let us hope that the Schuman government will listen to what they have to say about economic and political problems; because, on the solution of these problems, in final analysis, depends the attitude of the working classes. For French workers would turn once more to the communists, if a further disappointment forces them to conclude that the methods of other groups are ineffective.

Aware that they speak for a working class which was communist-controlled only in appearance, French trade unionists have a right to ask the French Government to cease letting wage-earners see their share of the national income constantly grow less and less. They also have a right to ask their American friends to make sure that American help to Europe is not used by European reactionaries and neo-fascists *against* the labor movement and democratic institutions. Unless they do this the relationship between Europe and the United States, the psychological relationship between the European peoples and the people of America, will be distorted.

Teaching versus Eating

HOWARD SNYDER

ABSOLUTELY! I must quit my teaching. Every day I get a little deeper, in the red, and this in spite of the fact that I am now on the best salary I have ever drawn in the twenty-five years I have taught school. Last year I taught in my special field in a small coastal town down here on the Gulf that is the home of a big shipbuilding industry. The U.S. Government for the greater part supplied funds which enabled my department in the public schools to keep going. But even at that, my salary was hopelessly inadequate for the support of myself and family.

I kept going by managing a hotel after school hours and on Saturdays and Sundays. This extra work gave me free room, free board, and one dollar a day besides. I also did petty, two-bit trading in old furniture, saddles, guns, clover seed and various other items, and by dint of much of this small barter was able to buy one luxury for my wife, an electric washing machine. This was the sole luxury for the family for the whole year—if you can call a washing machine a luxury. When half an hour could be squeezed out of my already crowded days I managed to write something or other for one or another of twenty-five farm journals which were interested in my ideas on farming—amateur farming. So by working every hour that I possibly could work, seven days in the week, I was able to balance the budget and save up four or five hundred dollars. All this was lived up, however, during the summer.

Then came time for a new contract, and the federal government did not see fit to appropriate funds for continuance of the work in which I am trained and which I teach. My subject had to be eliminated from the schools of the small coastal town. It became necessary for me to move up the highway 40 miles, but across our state line into another state. This nullified all my chance of retiring on any kind of a retirement allowance, because my state says I must teach the last five years of my career as a teacher in my own state if I am to draw any kind of a retirement allowance at all. After spending my whole life thus far in school—as a pupil, as a student in our colleges, and as a low salaried teacher—that is the reward my state holds out to me in my approaching old age. If for no other reason than that, we teachers should walk out and let the parents all over my state put pressure on our lawmakers which will force them to give us a decent retirement system. As it is, in my state the retirement system for teachers is a positive disgrace. Street sweepers in Chicago and Cincinnati have it better than the teachers down here in the deep South.

Well, I moved up the highway a few miles into one of our oldest Southern cities, and accepted another position, paying the maximum salary possible under the present set-up. But even at that I cannot continue teaching here, and this for several reasons. In the first place, my line of work is measured not by academic standards but by what the student can actually do with his hands

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in a specific trade. My subject calls for individual instruction, and in order to give individual instruction I must have not more than fifteen at the very most in a class. Last year the maximum the government permitted in a class was ten. Here, twenty-five boys are jammed into each class, and I have six of these monster classes, or, more accurately speaking, audiences, a day. To try individual instruction with so many keeps one in a continuous jerk. Nerves suffer dreadfully and by the end of that sixth class my head whirls like a merry-go-round and I am fit for one and only one thing—the bed. Utter exhaustion is the regular climax of the day's work. Why do we have such huge classes?

But suppose the classes are divided up and I am given six classes of the right size. I still cannot go on. I have a wife and three children to support. I cannot bring them over here. House rent here runs from $75 to $100 a month. Twenty years ago I taught in my same field of work in this same city in the same building I am now in, and my salary then was only very slightly less than it is now. House rent then was $25 a month and groceries dirt cheap. If I teach here my family must continue to live in my own state. We have a little place there in which to live and which we are unsuccessfully trying to pay for.

As it is now, I rent a cubby hole of a room in a third rate hotel for $45 a month. There is no bath with my room. And I could do practically no better out in the residential parts of town. The Y.M.C.A. here gets $14 a week for its naked little rooms. I eat at a cafeteria, the cheapest place in town. By selecting the very cheapest dishes and doing without meats I can eat after a fashion on $1.25 a day. I get enough I suppose, but it is decidedly a reducing diet I am on. At the very best my board and room runs around $80 a month. Twenty dollars are necessary for my transportation to and from my home once or twice a month.

On the fraction of the salary that is left I cannot support my family over in the little town in my own state. Our city teachers' association takes $28 a year for membership fees, the state retirement fund here gets $9 a month. There are other deductions taken from my salary before I see any of it at all.

At home I have three children in school. My son will be ready for college next year. If I continue teaching here at their top salary I cannot send him. My oldest child, a daughter, could not go on to college after graduating from high school. She is now working as a bookkeeper in our home town. Shall I deny my son and this daughter a right to go to college in order that I may help prepare 150 boys here in this city for college? Never! I'll have to give up teaching and get at something that will pay me a decent wage. My department in this city system will have to fold up, and the 150 boys sit it out in a study hall under the "supervision" of an old lady who can be hired here as a substitute. I cannot ruin my health, deny my children their right to go to college, and deny myself and wife any hope of a nest egg for our old age. In my own state our retirement system is just about nothing at all and whatever little there is to it has been denied me because my state had no work to offer in my line and it was necessary for me to cross our state line.

Must I quit teaching school? Absolutely. My obligations to myself, and my obligations to my wife and children demand that I earn a living wage and a wage that will enable us to live together in a home of our own. Until our lawmakers are able to work out a tax system that will enable teachers to live at least as well as street sweepers and grocery store clerks, then we teachers will have to forget our college training, give up our teaching, and go into industries and occupations that enable us to keep out of the red without managing a hotel after working hours, running a trading post in old junk, or burning all kinds of midnight oil in amateur journalism. In short, we will have to enter upon some kind of work which will enable us to support our families and maintain our self respect as American citizens. School teaching makes me feel so damned cheap. I feel that way because I am as a teacher *cheap*. I hate to haggle in a trade in which I offer an old plantation bell for a saddle, try to squeeze $2 somehow from the other fellow. I hate borrowing an overcoat from a friend. I have been borrowing one from a friend for four consecutive years. This time he says he is going to give it to me outright. I am going to quit teaching to get rid of my cheapness.

I say that as a teacher I feel cheap. I mean cheap in money only. I know I have done a vast amount of good in the past twenty-five years as a teacher. But my standing in the community is *not* measured by the good I have done the young people of the nation. It is measured by the shabby clothes I wear, by my failure to send my girl to college, by my inability to meet absolutely necessary bills such as dentist's and doctor's, by my impoverished home, by my utter lack of contributions to public charities, and, in a word, by my persistent poverty. Yes, I am going to quit teaching school and try to gain self respect in my community by supporting my family and playing my part as a citizen of my own community over in my own state where I try to maintain a home.

The Seeding-Ground

My heart ran forth on little feet of music
To keep the New Commandment.
O sweet felicity, its steps were gay!
It would beguile the world to be a garden
With its own seeds of love: *O Filioli,*
Diligite invicem, diligite.

But wisdom halted it, out past the gate.
Have you planted, she said,
This seed in your own home, your neighbor's garden,
Your shop, your street, the store that sells you bread?
If not, it will not grow in outer places.
Love has its native soil, its proper flowers
Marked out for each from the eternal hours.

Back to the door from which I deftly fled,
Down neighbors' lanes, across my father's barley
My heart brought home its charity. It said:
Love is a simple plant like Creeping Charlie;
Once it takes root its talent is to spread.

JESSICA POWERS.

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The Stage & Screen

Lamp at Midnight

THERE is much evidence of sincerity in Barrie Stavis's biographical piece on Galileo, presented as their first production by New Stages, Inc., a group of professional actors and workers in a converted movie theater down on Bleecker Street. And yet, and especially after the recent Brecht examination of the same historical figure, one wonders about the significance of the author's conception. It is not, of course, that any exposition of tyranny and coercion could be at any time not useful or pertinent on the stage, but Mr. Stavis's portrait of the amazing second physicist did seem to me rather damagingly romantic. I think it is true that history gives us a different picture—that of a cantankerous, not too scrupulous, extraordinarily brilliant man—and I cannot see what service is rendered by sentimentalizing him, by presenting a naïve Galileo firmly harnessed, at the end, to a long whine. I am more than willing to believe that Mr. Stavis's history is better than mine, but certainly theatrically, and I think humanly, his character has lost. I thought a number of the scenes—the inquisitorial ones and a palace one—were powerful, and the whole seemed to me excellently dressed and set by Dorothy Croissant and Robert Gundlach. It is obvious that here are people who know what they are doing and the fact augurs well for future work. The playing I thought less impressive in the main rôles, although allover good. On the whole, I think I should keep a check-list of this company's activities. It looks as though they are engaged in new, important work. (*New Stages Theatre*).

Crime and Punishment

THERE is such a mix-dirx of naturalism and travesty, character and caricature, in this Whitehead-Rea production of Rodney Ackland's adaptation of the Dostoevsky novel, starring John Gielgud, I feel it would take weeks to divide, sort, and critically conquer. To be short will be to admit that the whole thing must be somebody's joke. Here we have an enormous, extraordinary, quite realistic set by the English Paul Sheriff, towering into a symbolic painted sky; a sequence of wild Russian doings so *theatricalized* that the spectator is left gasping at the engineering of the director, Theodore Komisarjevsky; as the light fades in one room, another room's blazes; as one door shuts, another opens; all voices dovetail; gestures scoot from place to place, and always everywhere the tableau tells. What all this has to do with the examination of the soul, which is of course the book's point, I do not know. And certainly the playing gives no clue. Lillian Gish, in a vastly exaggerated arrangement of Katerina Ivanovna, gives her famous cinematic, circular, toppling, waving, staggering and wholly silly movie of madness. While Mr. Gielgud himself is somewhat more complex. Presenting an effect of Cruikshank from the rear, an aspect of Byron from the front, he is the most shocking example of modern ham I have ever witnessed.

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Modern ham is, naturally, not pseudo-romantic; it is pseudo-neurotic. And it quite clearly develops technical acting deficiencies into psychopathic symptoms.

It is not loud, high, wide, striding, shouting, round and impossible; it is small, awkward, limping, lisping, and consciously hysterical. About this performance and that of Jessica Tandy in "Streetcar" somewhat further uptown, a thesis should be written to guide current players in the intricacies of the business. It will be unnecessary to state that these intricacies will all be moral, and that their solution will depend upon an understanding of personality as well as disease. I will say for the record that one actor at the National managed to overcome both the direction and his surrounding puppets. Alexander Scourby's Razoumikhin is alive. He should be playing the lead. In the meantime, there is always the book—to return to—or better, not to leave. But the sad conclusion is that a right staging of the book, for now, would be more than satisfactory: it would be sense. The doings at the National are nonsense. (*At the National*).

KAPPO PHELAN.

Better Than Most

IT HAS come to *that* time of the year; and once again I am harassed by the word "best" floating in the air! Although I object to any film, or any ten, being labeled "best," I still think readers are entitled to know where their critic stands. Then, being aware of his likes and dislikes, they'll know if they are on his side in future reviews. So, for the benefit of my readers in 1948, I herewith name the films I preferred in 1947. The list, which is of course as personal as most reviews, is neither limited to ten nor quivering with great cinema. I tap these as among the better films of the year:

FOREIGN LANGUAGE FILMS

"Shoe-Shine"—for its expertly acted, tragic story told by Italian film makers with utmost realism.

"To Live In Peace"—for the performance of Aldo Fabrizi and for this Italian film's message of good will which was effectively portrayed through the camera.

"Torment"—because this beautifully photographed Swedish film handled its adult themes with rare perception.

ENGLISH FILMS

"Great Expectations"—for its fine script made from a Dickens novel, for its outstanding direction and for its good use of cinema in telling a fascinating though fantastic story.

"Odd Man Out"—for its lovely photography and for Carol Reed's direction of a top-notch cast in a thriller which, in spite of an ambiguous ending, was steeped in charity.

"I Know Where I'm Going"—for its sparkling treatment of an old theme.

HOLLYWOOD FILMS

"The Fugitive"—for the year's most beautiful photography and John Ford's direction of an inspiring story that showed the survival of religion over human frailty and ruthless persecution.

"Boomerang!"—for Elia Kazan's direction and an effective picture of democracy at work.

"The Farmer's Daughter"—for its delightful comedy and its attempt to kid politics.

"Miracle On 34th Street"—for Edmund Gwenn's performance as a man who could or could not be Santa Claus in a movie which had flaws but still provided the most laughs of the year.

"Gentleman's Agreement" and *"Crossfire"*—for boldly preaching against anti-Semitism and other intolerances in films which managed to be entertaining while putting over their socially conscious messages.

And I could name other films that did certain things well (*"The Lost Moment," "Kiss of Death," "Monsieur Verdoux," "Mourning Becomes Electra"*) but this list has to have an end and the other pictures would require too many qualifying clauses. If I were clubbed over the head and made to name one single film that I consider the year's best, I'd say *"Great Expectations."* And with that let's say farewell to '47 and look forward to '48 with greater expectations.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Country Dream

WALTER van HORN

TODAY, perhaps more often than ever before, one hears such phrases as "The American Way," "The American System," "Free Enterprise and Democracy," etc. We are attempting to bring the "American Way" to the Germans, to the Japanese, and if we could, to the peoples behind the Iron Curtain. Americans who at home attempt to sabotage this program or who in any way cast doubt upon the efficacy of our efforts are labeled "un-American." Powerful interests attempt to insinuate into our thinking the idea that the American Way somehow is synonymous with free enterprise, big business, lack of governmental controls, in brief with industrial capitalism and all that it stands for.

Those of us who believe that a better social order is possible, who look upon modern capitalism as a temporary aberration in the gradual development of a society of free men but who are placed in the embarrassing position of giving possible aid to the communists in their efforts to destroy the social order by our attacks upon capitalism, will find in Mr. Parkes's new book* sufficient evidence to show that we and not the NAM are the real defenders of American democracy against the totalitarianism of either the right or the left. Many decentralists tend in their thinking to go back little farther than Cobbet, Ruskin, Belloc and Chesterton. Mr. Parkes shows how deep-rooted our decentralist ideals are in American history and demonstrates that American cap-

* The American Experience. Henry Bamford Parkes. Knopf. $3.50.

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italism, built upon the ideology of Hamilton and Marshall, runs counter to almost everything that is implicit in the "American Way." He traces the current ideals by which Americans live and shows how these ideals are really the ideals of the American pioneer carried over in curious fashion into the industrial age in which it has become impossible for the mass of men ever to realize them. This is an interesting demonstration of what the sociologists call "cultural lag."

In reading the first chapters of "The American Experience," I had the feeling that I had read all this before. In his survey of American colonial life Mr. Parkes follows a fairly traditional pattern. One criticism could be that he tends to over-idealize the independence, economic well-being and freedom of the average American of the eighteenth century. Yet I do not believe that this criticism destroys the meat of his argument. Potentially, the worker of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century could and did achieve economic independence. Mr. Parkes shows that on a percentage basis such independence has become increasingly difficult for the worker in industrial America.

According to Mr. Parkes the American Way is the way outlined by Franklin, Jefferson, John Taylor, the Jacksonians and Roger Taney. Although he agrees that the agrarian democracy of these gentlemen would continue the "general happy mediocrity" of the early days, he believes only such a society of free men can preserve real democracy. It is not possible here to summarize the ideals of the agrarians but some were: genuine equality of economic opportunity and to make it impossible for men to acquire wealth by any methods except their own industry and talent. This would rule out getting rich through speculation. They believed in a society of small property owners and by democracy they meant a government close to the people and with functions negative rather than positive since they regarded any form of power, no matter who exercised it, as potentially dangerous. Government's main purpose was to maintain order. Jefferson pointed out that: "Whenever there are in any country uncultivated lands and unemployed poor, it is clear that the laws of property have been so far extended as to violate natural right." Many of us who in the depression years saw the thousands of idle acres in the nation and the thousands of even agrarian unemployed would agree with Thomas Jefferson.

Mr. Parkes gives a keen analysis of the general spirit of Americanism, of its curious optimism and refusal to face unpleasant facts. He attributes this to the lack of belief of Americans in original sin and to the almost unlimited supply of land in early American history. He points out both the strength and the inherent weakness in the American's refusal to believe that anything is impossible of achievement, in his naïve belief in the innate goodness of human nature as contrasted to the European's belief in man's innate depravity. He is able to demonstrate the shallowness of American culture in general and as many American writers have done, he shows once more the almost complete lack of integration in American culture. He particularly emphasizes the lack of social order in America and the tendency of the American to think in terms of personal failure or success. He points out that the individual, lacking the sense of belonging to an order larger than himself, is likely to feel isolated and alone. He demonstrates that loneliness has been one of the most frequently recurrent themes in American literature and ties this in with the peculiarly American tradition of the metaphysical horror story.

One can pass over the telling once more the story of the rise of American capitalism as described by Mr. Parkes. Louis Hacker's "The Triumph of American Capitalism" gives of course a more elaborate account of this phenomenon. Mr. Parkes emphasizes that the new philosophy of business enterprise after the Civil War was taught as gospel truth in American schools and colleges and propagated by the most reputable writers. Even those who deplored the greed of the industrial magnates had no alternative social philosophy to propound.

One of the tragedies growing out of the triumph of big business and unrestrained speculation after the Civil War was an almost complete break in the continuity of the agrarian tradition. When opposition to big business began around the end of the nineteenth century it borrowed little from the ideals of Jefferson. And yet Mr. Parkes shows that American capitalism was a foreign importation, really something quite "un-American":

"It was an artificial man-made creation that had been brought into existence by government policies, by laws for the protection of contracts and corporate property rights, and by financial mechanisms tending to increase the wealth of creditor groups. It had, in fact, been deliberately and carefully planned, on models derived from Europe, by the makers of the Constitution and by such men as Alexander Hamilton and John Marshall."

In spite of the lack of continuity in the ideals of Jefferson and Jackson, the agrarian concept of life, of a property owners' democracy, still prevailed on into the twentieth century. Mr. Parkes points out that many Americans "continued to insist, in defiance of all the evidence to the contrary, that America still was such a society." He offers as evidence in support of this view the phenomenal popularity of the *"Readers' Digest"* which, he says, depicts America in early nineteenth century terms, as a neighborly country filled with opportunities for small property owners.

Mr. Parkes makes an interesting point in showing that the American genius for industrialization, like the American genius for war, "was due to the fact that the Amer-

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icans were a free, undisciplined, and unregimented people." But he adds: "Yet the tendency of industrial growth, of the kind that occurred after the Civil War, was to make the Americans less free, more disciplined, and more regimented, and thereby to weaken those qualities that had been responsible for that growth. The transformation of the average American from an independent property owner into the hired employee of a big corporation necessarily reduced his sense of responsibility and his capacity for initiative, while the growth of economic inequality made it more difficult for talent to assert itself."

Long after the exhaustion of the frontier, America remained still the land of opportunity for the peasants of Italy, Austria and Poland who manned the steel plants and the automobile factories, just as in another age it had been the land of opportunity for the indentured servant. But Mr. Parkes goes on to say: "Unfortunately the city was less friendly than the forest; its rewards were far more dazzling; but they were reserved for the peculiarly gifted and the peculiarly lucky, and the struggle to attain them exacerbated every aggressive and acquisitive impulse. In the new America of the big industrial cities, men fought each other instead of assisting each other against the Indians and the wilderness."

I wish that space permitted a detailed summary of the brilliant and penetrating analysis of Mr. Parkes in the final chapters of his book. However, students of American civilization are probably already familiar with the main themes of these chapters. We are at the present time attempting to spread American ideals over a large portion of the world. But Mr. Parkes demonstrates clearly our own confusion in regard to these ideals. He points to the devastating picture of American life with its multiple contradictions and inherent conflicts as shown in the writings of practically all the better known American novelists during the period between the two wars. He questions whether Americans themselves understand their national ideals and are in the habit of living by them. The concluding paragraph of his chapter on "the United States in World Affairs" is worth quoting in full:

"The ultimate reason for the doubt and confusion with which the Americans have faced their postwar responsibilities is that they have become doubtful and confused about their own society. They cannot organize democracy abroad because they have not yet discovered how to organize it at home. The disillusioning course of American postwar policy recalls words written a century and a quarter ago by John Taylor of Carolina: 'If our system of government produces these bitter fruits naturally, it is substantially European; and the world, after having contemplated with intense interest and eager solicitude the experiment of the United States, will be surprised to find, that no experiment at all has been made.'"

Unfortunately, Mr. Parkes raises in his concluding chapter more problems than he answers. But his questions must be faced and somehow answers must be found by thinking Americans or American democracy is utterly doomed. He says for example: "And while Western society values personal freedom, it may finally choose collectivism if it comes to the conclusion that the alternative is genuine freedom only for a few and economic insecurity and exploitation for the majority. Men are waiting for a convincing demonstration of the possibility of maintaining a universally free way of life in a mechanized economy. To provide such a demonstration is the peculiar and inescapable responsibility of the Americans. For if their attempt to maintain freedom results only in chaos and degeneration, or if they finally surrender to some form of totalitarianism, then it is improbable that liberals' ideals can be preserved by smaller and weaker nations elsewhere." He emphasizes that although the immediate problems are practical, their implications are spiritual and philosophical and that without a deeper and more comprehensive sense of order, the United States cannot become a high and stable civilization, "nor can the Americans as individuals find emotional security and fulfilment."

Mr. Parkes concludes that, "Caught between the conflicting programs of big business capitalism and big government socialism, the American people have not sufficiently explored the resources of their own tradition." On the other hand he does not really face the dilemma that confronted Belloc—how to establish an agrarian society based on democratic ideals in a world in which war is still a real factor and which in turn demands the concentration of industrial power and a large scale regimentation of the individual worker and of industry itself by an expanding government. Mr. Parkes is aware of the dilemma, however, and he agrees that until war is abolished there is no hope for the older Jeffersonian dream and for the attainment by Americans of today of the ideals they generally associate with the "American Way." He does not expand the point however to show that the alternative is the regimented state and the final negation of Jeffersonian democracy. By not going into this question Mr. Parkes is able to close his book on a note of hope.

"The American Experience" demonstrates clearly that we decentralists are rooted deep in American history and that we are fighting for the ideals to which most Americans still give lip service without fully understanding their implications.

Treason

ANNE FREMANTLE

THE COINS of intellectual currency, like grosser coins, vary in value. Most of us still use pebbles, or colored shells; some, in conversation, if not in writing, confine themselves to farthings, others to threepenny bits —silver these, indeed, but picayune. Most of us frankly offer only the continual small change of nickels or, at our best, dimes; a few, alas, brazenly proffer buttons, many, though surreptitiously, glass marbles: baubles, but enchanting. Many, at different times, devaluate, or have devaluated, their currency: Wordsworth lamentably, Tolstoy less obtrusively, Swinburne when obliged to, and so also Wilde; latterly Arthur Koestler. Some few— and these few rehabilitate the human race—use gold only,

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gold always. And amongst these, emphatically, is Rebecca West. In all her life she has written only some twelve books, but each has been guinea-golden throughout, and everything she has thrown down upon the literary counter has rung true, is unmistakably of solid worth.

In her new book*, her first major work in seven years, made up in part of her pieces from the *New Yorker* on the trials of William Joyce (Lord Haw-Haw) John Amery—the son of the Secretary of State for India—Baillie-Stewart, the "officer in the Tower," and other, less glamorous traitors, she pursues her criminals and their guilt relentlessly. Her courtroom sketches are, in literature, to be kept beside Daumier's drawings, and she has sought, patiently, reverently, the secret springs and sources of each sad passion, the poisoned fountains splashing in the dark interior courtyards of each treason-tainted soul. She builds her quest foursquare on the quadrangular cardinal virtues: temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice. Above all, in and with justice. Of God's hundred names she must surely prefer Master of the Day of Judgment, and perhaps Al-Muntaqim, the Avenger.

★

To be a traitor is, as she sees it, to commit "that sin which is a dark travesty of legitimate hatred, because it is felt for kindred, just as incest is the dark travesty of legitimate love." It is love, misbegotten, misdirected, which "slanting across time" made William Joyce a fascist: he had loved the England of boot that kicked and spur that struck his native Ireland: at fifteen, he had served with the Black and Tans against his own people, and his whole family felt betrayed when home-rule was granted. Indeed, they had to flee to England, for a free Ireland had become unsafe, and spewed them out. So Joyce was, as it were, engendered in treason, suckled in it. Yet, as Miss West points out, nothing is simple. Though in the clarity of her compassion there is no shadow of sentimentality, though she never pretends either to Joyce or to her readers, that she is dealing with anything but a mortal malady, and that, to be restored, our sickness must grow worse, she sees that treason's whole gravity arises from the rift in our wounded nature, and she gives us the true measure of the four dimensions in which it groans. Joyce was a criminal, "not because he was an animal, but because he was unable to manage those ideas which differentiate the man from the animal."

She icily damns those pro-fascist judges who, by their misguided leniency, by condoning his early idiocies, and acquitting him, and favoring his followers against the communists, when first they were trying out their strength, gave Joyce and his gang illusions of legitimacy, of security, of being able to get away with it, within the framework of society. Likewise, in her final conclusion, it is not the criminals whom she condemns, not the individual traitors, whether revolutionaries, insane, or children. It is human society. "Each of these men," she writes, "was as dependent on the goodwill of others as one is oneself; they needed a nation which was also a hearth. It was sad to see them, chilled to the bones of their souls, because the intellectual leaders of their time had professed a philosophy which had forgotten, among much else, that a hearth gives out warmth."

Treason then, is first a failure in order; as traitors, we can no longer manage our loyalties, nor even accept them as others have kindly arranged them for us. We muddle and confuse, put carts before horses, man before God, the stranger before our kin. But the resultant mess is more than mere untidiness, mere disorder. It is also a lapse in love. All virtue, Augustine noted, is a setting in order of love, and the appalling thing about treason is that, as Miss West shows, it is love grown sour, grown cold and cross-eyed. And she shows us, too, how all human society depends on the parent-child relationship and stems from it. As all sovereignty is but a faint copy of what we imagine His sovereignty to be who created us *ex nihilo,* so all fatherhood is from Him whose sons the Incarnation has called us to be. And treachery and revolution are natural climaxes of the Oedipus complex. The love we feel most strongly is for our parents: "because it is lit from the primal fires of our nature, our first loves and hates, sprung from the first contact of our flesh with the flesh from which it was formed, with which it was formerly mingled, which surrounds it with tenderness, with odious compulsion. The mother gives the first warmth, the first food . . . the father gives the first superb revelation of a strength greater than hers. But they put the child down when it wants to be taken up, sometimes they move it into colder airs, and for these hostile acts they are hated. So, also, revolution is the final comeback, the final transfer to our nation of our love-hate for them. "In revolution there is a vast explosion of the creative powers and nothing is created . . . so the appetite for death that is in us all is immensely gratified." Yet, though "the revolutionary's love of death finds joy in what he does, his love of life knows it to be criminal." For revolution, that sets out to remodel, to remake, the beloved, but hated country, to mold it nearer to the heart's desire, does so only by a process in which country and revolutionary must both be destroyed. Only "after Ragnorak be come" can there be the new heaven and the new earth. Nor, as Miss West sees, can this itch to resolve all relationships, all problems, in a Niebelungenlied finale, be sublimated except by "relationship with a person."

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And she goes on then to describe the relationship necessary and the essential person. Joyce needed, as we all need, "a person who knew all about him, and therefore had no need to question him, who recognized that he was unique and precious and therefore withheld no confidence from him, who could not be changed by time" and she concludes: "those who believe in God enjoy such a relationship." Joyce, she adds, whether he enjoyed this relationship with God or not, must often have believed that it did not exist. But even those "who take the greatest pleasure in ridding themselves of faith in God find that their heart then loses its occupation, for want of a friend who shall never tease nor misprize nor

* The Meaning of Treason. Rebecca West. Viking. $3.50.

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go away . . . and those who desire such friendship and have discarded the idea of a super-personal God must look for it in those fields of life furthest removed from ordinary personal relationships. The most obvious of these is politics."

So Joyce's trial, she tells us, was on two levels. On the floor of the courts, "there was tested an issue of how far the letter is divorced from the spirit, it was debated whether a man can live all his life among a tribe and eat their salt and in the hour of their danger sharpen the sword intended by their enemies for their breasts, and then go free because of something written in an old book which said that this man was not truly of that tribe. But in the upper air above these courts it was argued whether the God with whom man can have a perfect relationship is the dream of disappointed sons imaging a father who shall be better than all fathers or is more real than reality. This other trial was not concluded, not being confined to time or space. It began with some remote birth and will not now end until the last death. It is this uncertainty which gives life sickening and exquisite tension."

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That, then, is the only, the final, problem: whether He created us, or we Him. And because it cannot be resolved here, Miss West sees, as clearly as Kafka saw, that we "shall be judged at the end unjustly, according to the relation of our activities to a context whereof we, being human and confined to a small part, know almost nothing. Such judgment depends on the existence of a mind that, being aware of the sum of experience, is therefore able to estimate our worth in relation to it." Yet, a moment later, she seems to deny this her own premise: "indeed, the judgment is inherent in the sum of experience" she says, and assumes therefore that even, if, at the end, we find the Judge does not in fact, exist, we shall not need to invent him. Here Miss West appears to be an existentialist *pur sang*: nor Kafka nor Kierkegaard have put it more categorically. But perhaps, as T. S. Eliot saw:

> If we do well we shall
> Die of the absolute, paternal care.

So Joyce's trial "is the pattern of such trials as must happen hereafter."

Perhaps the most astonishing thing about Miss West's genius is not her philosophy, but her fun. Her bubbling, mocking, enchanted, irrepressible humor is satire and salt to every picture she paints, and underlines every moral she points. Not since Voltaire has anyone had such a good time being serious. No one is safe. "There is no rank in which English people are other than puffy or haggard," she says, and describing the sacro-sanct Royal Gallery of the House of Lords, she writes "there is the . . . feeling that everything rich, and not just plum cake, should be dark" and goes on to tell of the blackish frescoes, which demonstrate the "notorious obsessional devotion of the British aristocracy to the horse." And her thumb-nail sketches are all pure joy, such as that of the peer "who lived through the most painful moment of his life during the trial"—when he found a moth-hole in the lapel of his coat. He deserves to rank forever with the undertaker in "Huck Finn" who whispered through his cupped hands how the dog "had gotten a rat." And Miss West's judge "puffing out his cheeks and spouting out air through his leathery old lips as if he were a dolphin" is as lively a joy to us as she tells us he was to William Joyce. She is so gentle with the aged judges, congratulating them on their physiological luck, in living so long, and on their "sagely contrived pleasures."

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But how sagely, safely simple are indeed the problems Miss West discusses, beside the problems of the treason trials in France! There is before me a small book *"Lettre à François Mauriac,"* by Maurice Bardèche which is itself so much more terrible than anything Joyce or John Amery did or thought, because so infinitely more tortuous, so deliberately complicated, so nearly true. Joyce and Amery and all the British traitors were traitors, and knew it: Miss West has a great moment when a judge reminds a defendant that his fellows had called him traitor and you heard them." But Bardèche's position is that Pétain was the head of the legitimate government of France; that however lax or cowardly he was, he must be obeyed; that it was the Résistance who is guilty of every French death since the Armistice, because if there had been no De Gaulle, and no Résistance, Germany would have treated France as she did Denmark, and all would have been rosy. Moreover, Bardèche insists, by executing Frenchmen for their loyalty to Pétain, and to the Germans, who, after all were an occupying power with whom the legitimate Government had signed a treaty, the French Government of today is creating a class of untouchables, is killing the so-called traitors not once, but daily, by teaching their children "that there is no truth outside of your truth." As if there could ever be more than one truth! as if Tom's truth could be Dick's lie. M. Bardèche is the more terrible because he sounds so innocent—as if he were spouting only the harmless old truism about "the crimes of Clapham chaste in Timbuctoo."

But he is doing no such thing. What M. Bardèche is saying is that there is only one crime in Clapham, that of believing that when Clapham is no longer Clapham, but has lost its own identity with itself, and is become, say, Tooting, then one's duty to Clapham does not, instanter, become one's duty to Tooting. And the whole problem is most immediately horrible, for, although every Frenchman of the Résistance knew it was Germany he was fighting and not a despairing old Frenchman, and not, above all, France, yet the police he blew up, and the bridges, though in German hands, and being used by and for Germans, were French policemen, and French bridges. O that Miss West would write a book for us about the French trials, about the razor's edge upon which so many French heroes or traitors, dead and alive, are dancing to all eternity! To be a traitor is one thing surely when one's country is there, and another, when it is not? Or isn't it? Tell us, please, Miss West.

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More Books of the Week

Angels in the Dust. A Novel of the First Crusade. Zofia Kossak. Roy. $3.50.

THE BOOK is better than its title, with which we may hope that the Polish-writing author had little to do. There was plenty of dust. There were no doubt angels too. But that is not what the title means. It means what the blurb says in distinguished prose: "'Angels in the Dust'—such were the milling hordes who were caught up in this great march: Inspired by the 'God wills it!' of Pope Urban II, and the goading oratory of Peter the Hermit, the flower of European knighthood streamed across eleventh century Europe. . . ."

"Angels in the Dust" is diffuse. The battles on the way to the Sepulchre—Nicaea, Dorylacum, even Antioch and Jerusalem itself—were similar at least in manner of prosecution. Mme. Kossak would have gained by establishing a dramatic density, by letting one battle stand for several and staking everything on a single outcome. The characterization is only tolerably clear. We tend to forget which minor or major personage is which during the long campaigning. On the other hand the average historical novel is to be judged, I suppose, largely as we judge a folder of connected postcards; and Mme. Kossak has a flair for the picturesque, particularly for the landscapes of southern France, which she apparently knows well. Further, she is an experienced novelist, and her story has no flagrant faults. It does not collapse in the middle. Indeed the last chapter, in which Imbram, the Silesian knight of modern sensibility, comes home like a soldier of some more recent war, is the place where Mme. Kossak best escapes the limitations of her genre.

The character like Erlend in *"Kristin Lavransdatter,"* the figure presenting modern frailties in the midst of a simpler, harsher environment, is a legitimate appanage of historical fiction. Erlend, Imbram Strzygonia in this novel, provide a recognizable image, give us a footing in the unfamiliar. Mme. Kossak has done well to make Imbram, tender-hearted, pacific, carried mostly against his will by the wave toward the east, the principal personage in her story. For it was during the period of the crusades that there first appeared among the ferocious European nobles some who did not find it the most natural and pleasant thing in the world to go away to war. Imbram stands as best he can for the point of view most memorably expressed by the gentle Jean de Joinville, who accompanied Saint Louis on the Seventh Crusade and told its story. After Joinville had received the staff and scrip which were the emblems of the crusaders he made pilgrimages to holy places near his home, and then, as he was leaving: "I did not dare to turn my eyes toward Joinville, for fear that my heart might soften at the thought of the fine château I was leaving and of my two children."

Imbram is a modern, and his story—he sins against his wife, and comes home to find that she has died, as he had half known that she would die, of mysterious grief —contains modern truth. One question is whether 1095 is not too early for such a man to emerge from the Silesian forests. There is a great difference even between men as we learn about them from Geoffroy de Villehardouin's record of the Fourth Crusade, a century after the First, and Joinville's story of the Seventh Crusade fifty years after the Fourth. Villehardouin's people are slashing warriors, not much different from the child-like athletes of the *"Chanson de Roland."* Joinville's are altogether more complicated. Asked to believe that a modern-minded man came out of Silesia a full century before Villehardouin's time, we remain skeptical.

Another question, and naturally a more important one, is whether Mme. Kossak succeeds in rendering the aspects of civilization, the general states of mind and spirit of 1100. She has studied the facts and fits them into a tale. She touches on the capital fact: Alexius, the eastern Emperor, required Godfrey de Bouillon and the other western lords to become his feudal vassals and take possession of all conquered territories in Asia Minor in his name, thereby increasing the division between the east and the west. We are told about the unctuous barbarousness of the Byzantines, with whom blinding was the common punishment for trivial offenses, and see the executioner at work. We are shown the great heap of bones which was all that was left of Peter the Hermit's army, the people's army, beyond Byzantium. And yet all these things are rather told about than told. We may inveigh against the historical novel, but it is true, first, that any novel is in a sense historical, and, second, that some novels do succeed in transporting us living and involved to a manner of life and a frame of mind now disappeared. I do not like *"Salammbô."* But reading Mme. Kossak on the Byzantine penal code, reading the instantaneous, superficial, shocked reaction put in the mouth of one of her characters, I could not help thinking of the crucifixion of Hannon, the starvation or calm annihilation of the barbarian army, the absolute objectivity and lingering after effect of Flaubert's awesome book. The Byzantines also thought of human life in different terms than we. In an historical novel one hundred and ten pages longer than *"Salammbô,"* we could expect some of that deep difference to be realized.

Finally, I find little or no religious content in "Angels in the Dust." Behind the pouring of upwards of a hundred and fifty thousand men, many of them miserable and uncared for, toward the east, there was evidently a great breath, an idea superior to any actuality. Mme. Kossak does not make us feel this. Neither her Peter the Hermit, nor her Peter Bartholomew, discoverer of the Holy Lance that raised the siege of Antioch, bear the marks of believing; and Mme. Kossak's unangelic multitudes are quite uninspired. I do not think that "Angels in the Dust," an interesting novel about modern nostalgia and the kind of war machines used at the end of the eleventh century, is about the First Crusade at all. WARREN RAMSEY.

The Battle of the Atlantic. September, 1939-*May,* 1943. *Samuel Eliot Morison. Little.* $6.00.

TO MANY land warriors, the operations of the Navy during World War II were known only dimly, through news reports, and known first-hand only through invasions, and troopships. This report, which is the first volume on the operations of the United States Navy (the second volume was published before this, and covered the African naval operations) should be read by all who are now interested in being students of the war which they won, and by all who would enjoy a brilliant, detailed, factual and sometimes picturesque story of the great war at sea.

Ordinarily, an operations report is at best tiresome

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reading save for the specially interested. This book reads well—Morison is a superior reporter from the technical point of view, and a dispassionate observer as well. More, he manages to grasp the great drama of those vast naval operations, and the intensity which gripped the fleets of fighting ships and merchant ships that assured victory by opening and maintaining lines of supply. Indeed, it is chilling to realize, even now, long after the event, how close we were to disaster as a result of the German U-boat campaign in 1942. Morison admits very frankly that the Navy was sadly prepared for this warfare; that in fact, the Navy and the Army, through long and continued disagreement as to methods of anti-submarine warfare, never did get together on a concerted plan.

The result was, in the summer of that year, that Admiral Doenitz was able to declare: "Our submarines are operating close inshore along the coast of the United States of America, so that bathers and sometimes entire coastal cities are witnesses to that drama of war, whose visual climaxes are constituted by the red glorioles of blazing tankers." Morison himself adds: "No frantic boast, this; burning tankers were not infrequently sighted from fashionable Florida resorts, and on 15 June two large American freighters were torpedoed by a U-boat within full view of thousands of pleasure-seekers at Virginia Beach." It took a long time for the dimout and the blackout to become standard procedure along the Eastern seaboard.

There are many long sections dealing with the planning and operations conducted by the Navy, done in a semi-technical manner which still enables the lay reader to grasp the intricacies of naval activity. The convoy and escort systems are lengthily treated, as is the whole of our anti-submarine campaign. Likewise, in what is certainly a richly deserved briefing, the activity of the smaller craft, the amateurs and auxiliaries, and the armed merchant ships, receive much attention. Morison also acts as a sort of judge in compiling lessons learned and strategy changed or applied as a result. And some of the most interesting reading is that section which deals with the general situation, from the German point of view (presented mainly from Doenitz's reports), and from the American point of view. Morison points out, too, enthusiastically and appreciatively, the brilliant vision of the top statesmen and military leaders, Roosevelt and Churchill, Marshall and King, in their evaluation of strategy and concepts of operations. His pride in the achievement of the Navy and Merchant Marine is certainly justifiable, as he summarizes: "Thus, the Navy was anything but complacent about the submarine situation in April, 1943. But it had earned the right to be proud. The Navy and Merchant Marine had 'kept 'em sailing,' and delivered indispensable supplies to the United Kingdom and to Russia, enabling England and the Soviet Union to implement the valor of their armed forces and the determination of their people. The Navy had escorted some two million American troops to Europe and Africa, together with the immense mass of material and supplies needed in modern warfare, without losing a single loaded troopship. (The three mentioned earlier in this volume were destined for Greenland and Iceland.) The Navy had been a principal factor in securing the alliance of Latin America down to the River Plate, and especially in Brazil. And all this when fighting another first-class war in the Pacific." T. E. CASSIDY.

The Person and the Common Good. Jacques Maritain. Scribner's. $2.00.

FOR THE LAYMAN, Jacques Maritain is not easy reading. A high degree of abstraction is hardly considered an asset by the impatient reader. Yet the truths of metaphysics, as they are fundamental, are those on which all else depends. Unless we have right conceptions of the order of reality, mounting from inanimate creation through the world of animate beings to the rational being, which is man, and culminating in God, we are seeing what is unreal, what is not there, and in fact, as Mr. F. J. Sheed has pointed out, we are touched with a kind of insanity.

In a long list of notable works Jacques Maritain has endeavored to re-state the truth that the world is order, corresponding to the divine Wisdom and directed to the one final end which is God. In metaphysics, in aesthetics and in political philosophy he has sought out the applications of this truth. In this brief volume he re-states his position and I know no clearer synthesis of his ideas than is to be found here. He considers the position of Saint Thomas on the ordination of the person to God as to its ultimate end. He continues with the precise distinction between individuality and personality; the former, a fragment subject to the determinism of the physical world, the latter, the image of God transcending the stars and all the world of nature. Finally he discusses the relation of the person to society and specifically what becomes of the person in communistic, in anti-communistic, and totalitarian, and in bourgeois individualistic societies. The drama of the modern democracies, he concludes has been "the unwitting quest of something good, the city of the persons, masked by the error of the city of the individual which, by nature, leads to dreadful liquidations."

One might argue the emphasis here and there in the final chapter, but one is grateful for a precise and careful re-consideration of those perennial truths of which, as the author insists, contemporary thought stands in particular need. EDWARD LITTLEJOHN.

Velázquez. Arthur S. Riggs. Bobbs. $4.00.

THE SPANISH master Velázquez (1599-1660), famous during his lifetime and soon forgotten after his death, was rediscovered in the nineteenth century in Madrid's Prado Museum, where his paintings had been kept in splendid isolation. Only then the extraordinary realism of his work drew the attention of art lovers in other countries, who came to appreciate him.

But Velázquez had been not only a great painter. Mr. Riggs calls him in his book "painter of truth and prisoner of the king" since Velázquez had devoted many years of his life to the court service of Philip IV, a pompous, worthless king but a lover of art, who eventually elevated him to the rank of Chief Palace Marshal. How Velázquez accomplished the double task of remaining true to his genius and at the same time to the burdensome obligations imposed upon him by the capricious king is shown in this book with a wealth of details. Mr. Riggs presents both the tortuous road of the court official, who was a prisoner of his own loyalty to the king and a victim of royal friendship; and the development of the artist, who painted kings, queens, their children, servants and courtiers, nobles and church dignitaries, as well as the humble people of his time, flattering no one and always bringing out the true character of his sitters.

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A student of Velázquez since 1906, the author of the book portrays the Spanish master against the historic background of Spain and the contemporary world. His Velázquez is impersonal, almost a man without a private life, and his story a mere introduction to his work; but readers who prefer a scholarly treatment to fictionalized biographies will find the book highly instructive and interesting. Nothing characterizes the author's learned approach better than the following sentences, taken from the chapter in which he sums up the life of Velázquez: "Behind his work his life as a man pales into insignificance and it matters but little that probably as a human being he was never very happy; perhaps not at all except when, intensely concentrated, he was able to see life dawn upon the canvas beneath his brush, and know the full Olympian joy of creation."

Over 60 reproductions bear out this appraisal.

JOHN M. GOSTA.

Lions and Shadows. Christopher Isherwood. New Directions. $3.00.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD suggests we read his "Lions and Shadows" as a novel, since it is not an autobiography "in the ordinary journalistic sense of the word." Without being captious, one cannot help noticing that several useful ingredients of a novel are missing and that what we have is a partly fictionalized account of how a would-be writer actually has become one.

Happily he has included long quotes and comments on "Montmere," that wonderful and fearful book he and his friend "Chalmers" wrote during their brief, rebellious Cambridge careers. Originally it was written as a most exclusively private project, but here one is allowed to take it as a kind of milestone which suggests what Isherwood's conscious development as a novelist has been, more clearly than his present effort at self-explanation. It is even autobiographically interesting in its way, expressing in recklessly transparent symbols the fears, expostulations and quandaries of two self-absorbed, embattled young men. The co-author, "Chalmers," is an element of genuine auto-biography. More than an independent character (or, as Isherwood rightly says, "caricature"), he is presented as a function of Isherwood himself, a frankly rendered alter ego.

"Lions and Shadows" has occasional lively and ironic insights but it offers less enlightenment as a study of Isherwood as a writer than does the obvious device of reading his novels and stories which reveal quite clearly the direction and boundaries of his perceptions and taste. And, in the bargain, they're much more entertaining!

ADRIENNE FOULKE.

The Indians of the Americas. John Collier. Norton. $3.75.

THE INDIANS' potential contribution to the world in their understanding of the full meaning of co-operation both with man and nature is the thesis of Mr. Collier's impassioned study. Through four centuries of struggle the Indians of the Americas have proved how communities can survive where the individual would have perished. "Do not kill or injure your neighbor, for it is not him you injure; you injure yourself," is the Shawnees' basic commandment.

The forgotten man in the United States today is certainly the Indian. Of the million who ranged our land in the 15th century, there remain less than 400,000—the population of one of our smaller cities. In their "Basic History of America," the Beards make seven references to Indians in 500 pages. Why is it that the Indians have taken so little part in our national life except for their heroic contribution to the World Wars? Mr. Collier, U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs for twelve years, offers the answer. It is one that must make the Statue of Liberty bow her head.

Our criminal record against our Indians began with the Puritans and continues through the treacherous massacre of the Sioux—men, women and children—by our own soldiers as late as 1890. To the indignation of our pioneer border settlers, the British Government held to her Indian treaties until the Revolution, and it was an old "borderman" and Indian fighter, Andrew Jackson, who, as soon as he was President, put through Congress the Indian Removal Act, which, in defiance of the Supreme Court, drove 14,000 Cherokees West to Indian Territory when gold was discovered on their lands in Georgia. Four thousand died along the trail. The Choctaws, Chickasaws and Creeks were exiled at the same time; only the Seminoles refused to budge from Florida and they are still there, as no one has wanted their Everglades.

In 1849, controls of Indian Affairs was transferred from the Army to the Department of the Interior, which began systematically to develop the policy begun by the Army of abolishing tribal life. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs figured that it had cost the Army one million dollars to kill each Indian in the wars between 1862-1867, and it was decided it would be far cheaper and more "legal" to reallot the tribal lands among individuals whom it is easier to despoil—legally! Even Carl Schurz as Secretary of the Interior thought reallotments a civilizing process. Between 1887-1933, the Indians lost 90 million acres. When Albert B. Fall became Secretary of the Interior under Harding, he engineered the Indian Omnibus Bill through Congress which would have made it possible to reallot whatever remained of Indian lands and incidentally rob the Navajos of their oil wells. It was Robert M. LaFollette who killed the bill on the floor of the Senate. Not discouraged, Fall attempted in the Fall-Bursum Bill, to transfer the title of the Pueblo Indians lands to the white squatters, but thanks to the campaign of the All-Pueblo Council, Senator Borah had the bill recalled from the House and the Senate reversed its decision. The life-and-death struggle of the tribal communities continued until 1934 when, with Ickes as Secretary of the Interior and Collier as Indian Commissioner, the Indian Reorganization Bill was passed which recognized the tribes, stopped land reallotment to individuals, established an agricultural and industrial credit for the tribes and provided professional and administrative training for Indians.

The First International Conference on Indian Life was held in Mexico in 1940, and there the International American Institute of the Indian was organized. The only unblemished records towards their Indians are held by Canada and Denmark, but now South and Central America are making progress, as well as Mexico and the value of the Indian communal life is being recognized. In the mountains of Peru there is a tiny Indian community, intact since the days of the Incas, which has now

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its own hydro-electric plant and which has presented a rural school for 300 pupils to the government.

Bitter as is Mr. Collier against the Spanish Conquistadores, he emphasizes the fact that the Spanish law of the Indies, as created by the Vatican and incorporated by the Spanish Crown, recognized the equality of the Indian with the European in the eyes of God and abolished slavery—on the books—in 1548. Human cupidity abrogated the law, but the Indians had their greatest champion of all time in the saintly Dominican, Las Casas, and in Paraguay the Spanish Jesuits established an Indian Utopia. With all their brutality, the Spaniards recognized the Indian as a being with a soul to be saved. It was our own Cotton Mather who wrote of the Pequot massacre with triumphant glee, observing that "no less than 600 Pequot souls were brought down to Hell this day." That was where we have too often consigned our native Americans but in spite of us, the Indian has managed to preserve his ideals and his way of life; his development of the individual within his community and the conservation of his natural resources. Perhaps he is a more contented man today than many of his white neighbors.

Mr. Collier as a sociologist has a proclivity to technical verbiage; as an anthropologist, he sees no need for Christian missionaries; but his heart is with his Indian friend. It might give a new and refreshing twist to our "Westerns" if they were occasionally projected from the Indian viewpoint. E. V. R. WYATT.

Behold This Heart. H. J. Heagney. Kenedy. $3.50.

THIS IS THE story of Saint Margaret Mary, the Visitation nun and mystic from whose visions stems the universal Catholic devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is the story too of Claude de la Colombière, Margaret Mary's Jesuit confessor, to whom fell the task of propagating the promises made to the saint. Indeed, the account of Father de la Colombière's secret mission to England, where his first publicizing of devotion to the Sacred Heart was combined with his efforts to effect the conversion of King Charles the Second, constitutes the most interesting part of the book.

Margaret Mary Alacoque was born in 1647 in a France where royal immorality and Jansenist theology were laying the foundations for a later rationalism. It was a France in which the Faith, over wide areas, was moribund. She was the instrument chosen by the Divine Fire in a desperate effort to thaw the icy cynicism of human hearts. As a child Margaret Mary posed a problem to her parents, as later she posed a problem to her religious superiors. In a world which is attuned to the normal and mediocre, the lot of a saint is not an easy one. The life of almost any saint reads like a novel, since the inevitable opposition and misunderstanding provide ready-made protagonist and plot.

"Behold This Heart" is written in the classical tradition of reverence and edification. We Catholics are so conditioned to handling holy things holily, that it is doubtful whether one of us could write a completely objective Life of a saint, even had we the will to do so. It is for the Franz Werfels to write the best-sellers. All of which is by way of noting that Saint Margaret Mary does not emerge from Father Heagney's pages as a vivid personality. Her hand-wringing, ineffectual mother, is much more life-like than is the saint herself. Which reminds me of the dilemma which faces every reviewer: American advertising has so accustomed us to superlative praise of the shoddy, that even mildly adverse criticism is likely to be taken by the reading public as utter condemnation. Justice to the author, and honesty of appraisal, is a difficult balance to maintain.

In the present instance, honesty would say that "Behold This Heart" is not a great book nor a scholarly one. Justice would say that it is a well-written and interesting life of Saint Margaret Mary. In introducing a considerable amount of imaginary dialogue to enliven the story, Father Heagney has not sacrificed accuracy. "Behold This Heart" will be fruitful reading for any Catholic, and a safe addition to any Christmas shopping list.

LEO J. TRESE.

Art in the Early Church. Walter Lowrie. Pantheon. $6.50.

THE CHARM of anything Dr. Lowrie writes is the ingredient of just so much of personal spice that the driest subject becomes palatable. To open a book on the sacred art of the early Church and then to find, by deduction, that the author is probably an admirer of Senator Taft is one of those surprises which make his discussions fireworks. Besides, he does it in a way which reconciles even those who might be annoyed by a few of his mannerisms. You can say that Diocletian was a bad, bad New Dealer and established an OPA, a vicious, devilish thing, and you know Dr. Lowrie not only does not like any restrictions of what calls itself free enterprise—cap F and cap E—but you also suddenly see how history seems to repeat itself and how the art of the Christian of 300 A.D. was painted on a social and political background not all too unfamiliar. In a hundred places Dr. Lowrie resorts to this technique with the result of having produced, not only the one and only book in English on his subject, but one everybody will read. And by reading it we will disperse the dark cloud of ignorance which makes a discussion of Church art among our contemporaries such a bore and such a futile job.

After Father Gregory Dix's firm statements about the development of the first churches out of Roman houses (and some other assumptions), it is good to see Dr. Lowrie more cautious. All through his book he is generous to his opponents, gives nowhere the impression of pontifical cocksureness and lets us always know when he takes sides and why.

The book is a little loose in its makeup, but it has the great charm of having been written by a man who was not only a scholar in his day, but also a Christian and a minister with many conceptions that moved him close to Catholics. The book is dedicated to the great master of Christian archeology, Joseph Wilpert—something very significant. While some of the sayings of the author may jar some feelings, the objectionable parts and even some basic latitudinarian tendencies are so unimportant when held against the true scholarship, the warm and live Christian faith, the priestlike attitude and the great love of the Church and Rome, that I would like to see this book under the Christmas tree of all seminarians, their professors, all teaching sisters and all those priests who still take the time to read a book. With a few erasures, Pantheon might make this the standard schoolbook for all seminaries. If that ever happened, it would be a prince among paupers considering its beautiful presentation. It

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would not only dispense kowledge, but love of the great springtime of Christianity.

I have not looked for mistakes, but plate 134-B I am sure should read "Jesus or Barabbas." To say that the Catholic liturgy has lost its eschatological, forward-looking emphasis provokes a distinction in my mind. I would say: not the liturgy, not at all. If you do what I regard as its right interpretation, that is, start the Church year with Septuagesima and end it with the Epiphany (Advent) cycle, then you have this emphasis with increasing strength from Ascension over the Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost until Advent (et cetera) brings it out in "parousiatic" flash! I agree that this is a hard thing to see in the popular "misinterpretation" of our liturgy, because they are, as Dr. Lowrie acutely observes on p. 74, backward-looking. And what else could he expect from Protestant liturgies, which are watered-down and emasculated versions of the already subjectivised liturgy from which they stem. My great fear is the coming "reform" —that it may sanction the development and canonize the historicism that now shackles the appreciation of our liturgy and even our teaching.

I would also remark that the Virgin Mother in Abercius's time is the Church, not the Blessed Virgin (see the so-called "Madonna" of Preufening even 800 years after and the contemporary hymn "Urbs Jerusalem Beata"). I also doubt that Dr. Lowrie has any evidence to show that the anointing with chrism at baptism, as he states, was later made a separate sacrament, namely confirmation. And unless Dr. Lowrie can furnish proof for it, it will be hard to accept his statement that the faithful assisted at the liturgy in the side aisles, while the penitents and catechumens occupied the main part, the center aisle of the churches, in the first centuries. That is an unusual view and so far, to my knowledge, has never been advanced. As a matter of fact, with no proof in evidence it seems hardly acceptable. But once warned you know that you have to expect a few things like this in his book and you feel that his straying from the path does not mean he does not finally get "there."

H. A. REINHOLD.

The American Iliad. Otto Eisenschiml and Ralph Newman. Bobbs. $5.00.

IN THE COMMONWEAL of December 5, George N. Shuster accorded a favorable review to "Ordeal of the Union," the two-volume work on the pre-Civil War period recently written by Allan Nevins. The reviewer qualified his approval by stating that it seemed as though much data collected by graduate students had been compressed into the book, thereby destroying to some degree its unity.

A great many writers unintentionally collaborated in the production of "The American Iliad," but this fact is not being offered as a criticism. The events of the war are told by eyewitnesses, for the most part, and hence this book may be listed as one made up of primary source material. Mr. Eisenschiml and Mr. Newman have intentionally remained in the background. They weave together the accounts which they believe tell clearly the main developments of the hectic years of the Civil War. As the authors themselves express it, "We did not write this book. Dozens of people wrote it, people who witnessed a stirring contemporary scene and tell about it in their own words. They may have been commanding generals

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or soldiers in the ranks, newspaper reporters, statesmen, or housewives." Although the material is usually quoted verbatim, the authors have taken the liberty of correcting misspelled words, grammatical mistakes, etc., in the interest of smoother reading. Among the twenty chapters are such titles as "War Becomes Big Business," "The Navies Clash," "Dark Days for the North," and "Sherman's Georgia Campaign." Excellent illustrations and maps are scattered throughout the pages.

There is no effort made to glorify, at this late date, the War Between the States. Accounts similar to the following one, written by a Federal colonel, are frequently encountered: "The cry of our wounded, knowing they would have to lie there exposed to the fire from our own line, had a pathetic note of despair. The next morning some of them were found with their thumbs chewed to a pulp. Their agony had been so great that they had stuck their thumbs in their mouths and bit them to keep from bleating like calves. Many of the bodies thus exposed were hit so frequently that they were literally riddled with holes."

Eleven pages of fine print are required for the listing of the sources used. A very carefully prepared index makes the book useful for reference purposes, if one does not have time to read the entire book. Most readers will finish it, once they have discovered that contemporary accounts are more interesting than the accounts produced by those who are writing today about the events of 75 years ago in the South. PAUL KINIERY.

Collected Papers. R. A. L. Smith. Longmans. $2.75.

THIS is a series of scholarly papers dealing with economic and financial innovations of medieval Benedictine monasteries in England, showing among other things their policy of centralization in bookkeeping and agriculture. Also included is a spritely essay on Lord Acton, the intransigeant Catholic historian whose reputation was never spritely, but must not narrow to one remark on power and absolute power. The collection reveals the promise of the young Catholic, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who died during the war. A memoir by David Knowles precedes the papers.

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